Volume LIX CHICAGO, JUNE 20, 1907 Number 16

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

POETRY

I am the reality of things that seem;
The great transmuter, melting loss to gain,
Languor to love, and fining joy from pain.
I am the waking, who am called the dream;
I am the sun, all light reflects my gleam;
I am the altar-fire within the fane;
I am the force of the refreshing rain;
I am the sea to which flows every stream;
I am the utmost height there is to climb;
I am the truth, mirrored in fancy's glass;
I am stability, all else will pass;
I am eternity, encircling time;
Kill me, none may; conquer me, nothing can
I am God's soul, fused in the soul of man.

Ella Heath.

—*From the Saturday Review* (London)

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UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

The Tower Hill Encampment and Summer School

JUNE 29—SEPTEMBER 18

Tower Hill is situated on the Wisconsin River. It is the summer residence of Jenkin Lloyd Jones and the restful retreat of some forty or more people who prefer rest to rush, spiritual comfort to excitement and style, communion with nature to "Summer Resort" delusion, fellowship with the birds and the trees to the turmoil of "society." Pure air, pure water, wooded acres, the wide, sweeping river, the flowers in nature's garden, the anthems and the hallelujahs of birds and beasts, all the glories of nature gladden the life, rest the mind, refresh the spirit, open the windows of the soul toward the mountain heights of life.

Tower Hill owns its own cows, affording an abundance of pure milk; cultivates its own garden, which yields a full variety of fresh vegetables.

THE SUMMER SCHOOL

JENKIN LLOYD JONES, CONDUCTOR

JULY 14—AUGUST 28

PROGRAMME

Sunday, July 14. Opening sermon in the Emerson Pavilion by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, "The Power of Poetry."

Daily except Saturday, 8:30 to 9:30 a. m. Nature studies and out-of-door work. Arranged by the president of the Summer School, T. R. Lloyd Jones, superintendent of schools, Wauwatosa, Wis., to whom apply for further particulars.

Studies in Religion

11:15-12:15 m. Fourth year work in the seven-year course in the study of religions. "The Blank Leaf Between the Old and New Testament"—the Hebrew religion meeting the classical world. The study will reach from Alexander the Great to Seneca and Epictetus and will consider the Apocryphal and other Jewish writings of the period. The list of books published below indicates the range of the lessons and the books that will be in the hands of Mr. Jones, the leader. A copy of the Apocrypha, Revised Version, is the only book that need be in the student's hands.

Poetry and Sociology

8 p. m. Lectures and readings in sociology, poetry, etc., Ruskin's "Time and Tide," Browning's "Balaustion's Adventure," with excursions into Whitman and current poetry.

"A Modern Symposium," by G. Lowes Dickinson; "Heretics," by Gilbert K. Chesterton; "Sex and Society," by W. I. Thomas; "The Church and the Changing Order," by Shailer Matthews; "The Religion of Ruskin," by William Burgess; "Three Acres and Liberty," by Bolton Hall. "The Turn of the Balance," Brand Whitlock.

Ministers' Retreat—August 4-9

The regular program will be suspended and the week will be spent in such free intercourse, communion and consultation as may be planned by the ministers and teachers in attendance. The informal program will be in charge of Rev. C. A. Osborne, secretary Congress of Religion.

Woman's Meeting—August 16-18

A Congress of Woman's Clubs will be held during the session of the Summer School, beginning Friday night and continuing to Sunday evening. Dates and program to be announced later. For further particulars enquire of the committee appointed by the very successful meeting of last year: Mrs. Clinton DeWitt, Platteville, Wis.; Miss L. E. Stearns, secretary of Wisconsin Free Library Association, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mrs. Richard Lloyd Jones, Hillside, Wis.

Afternoons and Saturdays will be free for resting, reading, riding, walking, at the pleasure of the individual.

Sunday Meetings

There will be three Sunday gatherings, viz.: Opening Sunday of the Summer School, the Ministers' Retreat Sunday and the Women's Congress Sunday, at which there will be speaking morning and afternoon, with dinner from baskets or in the dining hall.

READING LIST

The following list of reference books is printed for the benefit of students attending. Those starred are the most important. For further information inquire at the Lincoln Centre Shop, Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago.

The Course in Religion. Fourth year in the Seven Years' Course. The Hebrew Religion Meeting the Classical World; or, The Blank Leaf Between the Old and New Testament.

*The Apocrypha, revised version; 60c and $1.25.
*The Assumption of Moses. London. $2.50.
*The Apocalypse of Baruch. London. $2.50.
*The Book of Enoch. Andover. $1.50.
*The Book of the Secrets of Enoch. Oxford.
*Josephus.
*Philo, four vols. (Bohn Library.)
*Sibylline Oracles, translated by Milton S. Terry. (Methodist Book Concern.)
*Seneca, any edition.
*Epictetus, any edition.
*Farrar's "Seekers After God."
*The Blank Leaf Between the Old and New Testament; or, The Non-Biblical Jewish Writings; abstracts of class room talk; Jenkin Lloyd Jones. (Unity Publishing Company.) 25c.
*Churton's "Uncanonical and Apocryphal Scripture." London. Must be imported.
Bissell's Commentary on the Apocrypha, in the Lange series. (Scribner's.) $3.
Cheyne's "Jewish Religious Life After the Exile." (Putnam.) $1.50.
*Cornill's "History of the People of Israel." (Open Court.) $1.50.
*Montefiore's "Bible for Home Reading." Part II. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
Messages of the Later Prophets. Sanders & Kent. (Scribner's.) $1.25.
Any standard history of the Jews for this period.
Schurer's, 5 vols., $8; Greatz's, 6 vols., $9; Renan's, 5 vols., $7.50.
W. J. Deane's "Pseudepigrapha." (Rare.)
"The Bible for Learners," 2 vols.; $1.50 per vol.
Kuenen's "Religion of Israel." Vol. III.

Sociology.
John Ruskin's "Time and Tide." POETRY.
"Twenty-five Letters to a Working Man of Sunderland."
Robert Browning's Balaustion's Adventure.
Whitman's Poems.

TERMS

Room in Longhouse and board, $7 per week. Two occupying the same room, $6.00 each. Table board, $4.50 per week. Single meals, 25 cents. Transportation from Spring Green to Tower Hill, 50 cents; trunks, 50 cents; valises, 15 cents. Trip to Spring Green and return when the buckboard is going, 25 cents. Laundry on the grounds, reasonable rates. Board and care of horse, $10 per month. A few cottages are available for the season. Summer School registration fee, $5 for the entire period of five weeks; admits to all classes, lectures, etc.; family tickets, $7; by the week, $2; family tickets, $3.

Spring Green, the station by which Tower Hill is reached, is on the Prairie du Chien division of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad, thirty-five miles west of Madison and 218 miles from Chicago. Tower Hill is on the summer resort list and round trip tickets at reduced rates will be obtainable from Chicago from May 15 to October 15.

For board, cottages, etc., address

MRS. EDITH LACKERSTEEN

Abraham Lincoln Centre, Oakwood Boulevard and Langley Avenue, Chicago

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LIX | THURSDAY, JUNE 20, 1907 | NUMBER 16

This is a practical age, we say, and we hold in low esteem all sorts of dreams and visions. We ask what is the value of truth and beauty, of zeal and devotion, of religion and piety, as though all these things, for sale in the city markets and shopworn through the ages, were going at a sacrifice. But the practical rests on the ideal.

—From College and the Man, by David Starr Jordan.

The Japanese have sustained their reputation for astuteness by a recent enactment which imposes a fine on any parent or guardian who permits a child or a ward under twenty years of age to use tobacco.

We join with the *Dial* in commending the city of Detroit for graciously declining the three-quarters of a million offered by Carnegie for a new library building and by the same vote deciding to proceed to build such a building at the city's expense. Those institutions are most helpful which are indigenous to the soil and are not exotics brought in from a foreign field.

The determination of the western railroad presidents to withdraw all half-fare and special rate privileges where the two-cent fare is enforced is a step towards honesty and wholesome conditions of traffic. When favoritism and special privileges are eliminated from the passenger traffic business, the railroads will probably make more money under the two-cent rule than under the old regime, and the game will be played more fairly all the way round.

The annual escape of the city-bound to the country is at hand. UNITY and its corps of workers comes to its annual hegira from Chicago to Tower Hill. For the next two months the UNITY circle will be modified into an ellipse, a curved line around two foci,—one at Lincoln Centre and the other at Tower Hill. It will have its inconveniences but also its advantages. All communications to the editorial and subscription departments should be addressed, after July first, to Spring Green, Wisconsin, as on previous years. Communications to the Congress and watch tower departments to be addressed as usual to the Chicago office.

The Secretary of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, as quoted by the *Christian Life*, discourages "The longings of the younger men for the de-limitation of the Unitarian movement" by calling attention to the fact that 'attempts to start a church on catholic lines, where orthodox as well as heterodox would be welcome,' would grow in time individualistic." He instances the work of Dr. Martineau in London, George Dawson in Birmingham and Stopford Brooke at Bedford Chapel. He says, "When the leaders pass away it is usually found that little corporate life remains to keep the cause alive and flourishing." It would seem at this distance that the work of these three men was the most conspicuous, persistent thing that has happened in the history of religion in England during their generation. We would say to these young men, continue to "long;" persist in your dreaming. It ill becomes an Unitarian to use the logic of success or failure in the discovery of truth. The ultimate claim of Unitarianism for the respect of the world lies in its magnificent failures, its splendid minorities.

The *Dial* for June 16th has an interesting "comment" on Emerson as judged by his classmates. He was not considered brilliant, but most amiable and winning, and his blushing propensities, which he afterwards called "the infirmities of the cheek," seemed to be the most obvious characteristic. Only here and there a contemporary measured his greatness. In 1838 Bronson Alcott predicted the time when his genius would "flash across the wide water." He foresaw that he was destined "to be the high literary name of his age." Theodore Parker saw that "Emerson's literary culture was of him, not merely on him; his learning appears not in his quotations but in his talk." The *Dial's* conclusion of the matter is interesting and timely. "School boys are proverbially quick to take the measure of a man but are as blind to undeveloped genius as the rest of us." Perhaps this quotation indirectly justifies the growing wisdom which at Commencement time minimizes the prominence given to the "Oration." The school years, particularly the closing months, had better be spent in forming and re-forming convictions rather than in hot-house promulgation of the same.

Apropos certain utterances of Superintendent Maxwell at New York concerning the tendency in that city to follow the example of some western cities, of unionizing the school teaching force, the *Public* argues that the school teaching force had better be unionized than commercialized, recognizing the dangers in both directions. UNITY has always deplored the sinking of the school teacher into a craftsman and putting school to commercialize education should be resented as a calamity. But our great city schools find their great enemy today not in the labor union agitation nor yet in teaching into the category of "trades." The tendency the commercial tendency, but in the ever subtle, cor-

rupting and debauching influence of politics. When the political complexion of a candidate for a position on the School Board is considered it is a dangerous menace, and the city administration that uses its appointing power in school matters for the sake of strengthening his own or his party's power, or who is himself so blinded by partisan zeal as to assume that the safety and progress of the schools are somehow identified with his party, is vested with a power for which he is unqualified and the interests of education demand a reconstruction of such power.

We are not dealing in gossamer cloth. Notwithstanding departmental figures, the movement is towards peace. In the House of Commons in England a representative of the labor union opposed the increase of the army, and he was cheered. He said, "The labor party is an international party; we are not in favor of a nation in arms," and there was some more cheering. The Canadian Premier at a recent meeting in London told his English compatriots, "'We are separated from our neighbors by great inland seas in which there is more traffic than in the Mediterranean, and there is not a war vessel in those waters. * * * We shall give to the world a spectacle of an empire maintained, not by force but by the consent of the governed."

The reactionary spirit, engendered by the army and navy, undertook to re-enforce itself with a recrudescence of the war spirit at the Jamestown Exposition. They promised "the grandest military and naval celebration ever attempted in any age or by any nation." This promise shocked the best people in the nation; there was a prompt protest; state legislatures refused their appropriations; women's clubs, labor unions, educational and religious conventions protested, the result of which is encouragingly summed up by the *Boston Advertiser*. We re-print it for the benefit of our readers that they may see whether or not the Hague Conference is a farce.

This week will witness an unique convention held in Chicago, that of the Playground Association of America,—a three-day program. Thursday morning the meetings are to be held at the City Club; Thursday afternoon, evening and Friday morning at Fullerton Hall, Art Institute; Friday afternoon and evening in the Field House of Sherman Park, and on Saturday, all day, out of doors in Ogden Park, where there will be demonstration of games, dances and other profitable diversions. Among the questions discussed will be The Relations of Recreation to Morality, Play as a Training in Citizenship, Organized Play in Country and Country Village, The School as a Recreation Center, How to Secure Playgrounds, Small Parks, Field Houses, etc. The attractive pamphlet which contains the program gives a list of fourteen small parks and thirteen playground and bathing beaches in connection with the South and West park systems of Chicago. Eight large parks are also mentioned ranging in area from one hundred eighty to three hundred twenty-four acres; while the largest of the small parks is sixty acres, the smallest seven, and the smallest municipal playground covers a plot of ground but 215x125 feet. And still the red blood of the city is replenished more by the small parks and playgrounds planted in the midst of where the people must live than in the great parks on the outer rim, which for the most part are reached by street cars or private conveyance. This same pamphlet gives a list of nineteen social settlements of Chicago; and among the points of interest to be visited are enumerated the Juvenile Court, The University of Chicago, City Normal School and Public Library. Those who attend this convention and follow the suggestions of this guide will see Chicago on its benignant side and will be much better able to judge of Chicago's ultimate future and permanent place in history than those who confine their studies to the great "Dry Goods Emporiums," Packingtown and the slums.

Not a Farce But a Prophecy

Collier's Weekly has done valiant service on many lines,—notably in its effective campaign against perverse advertisements and nasty patent medicines. We are glad to note that it is preparing to make war on the deceptive "schemes" that tempt the unwary "small investor." It has done much to develop independency in politics and righteous administration in municipalities. The part it played in rescuing the Lincoln birthplace in Kentucky from neglect or something worse is altogether commendable.

On this account we are all the more pained to notice the visionless and consequently brutal attempt to minimize the significance of the second Conference at the Hague, which began its career last Sunday. We have read the article on "The Farce at the Hague" carefully; we do not know whether the writer expects us to take him seriously or not. Is it sarcasm or cynicism? While arraying the astounding evidence of the growth of armament and the increasing cost of military equipment, it proceeds to argue that "War will end only at the same time that animal life on this planet will end." According to this writer, "War is a final expression of national entity, and that disarmament makes for disintegration and degeneracy." We acknowledge the full force of the grewsome facts set forth. The naval expenditure of the United States of the last decade has increased 240 per cent, army expenses 253 per cent, while the commercial increase has been but 59 per cent and the increase in population but 19 per cent. We look at the effective pictures of the shells that cost four hundred dollars apiece; of the one train-load of sixteen steel guns that cost upward of a million dollars; of the torpedoes that cost five thousand dollars each, forty of which are carried by a torpedo boat, and still we refuse to accept the conclusions based thereon.

Mr. Frederick Palmer in this article takes no note of the tremendous under-current that is moving quite the other way. The forces of science, education, the grow-

ing ethical clearness, and the expanding religious sympathies are now and always have been factors to be reckoned with. War is not going to cease because it grows too terrible or too expensive, but on account of its foolishness and wickedness. The military elements in governments are enamored of buttons and gilt lace. The logic of the "big stick" is a "fetching" one, but the multiplication table and the Golden Rule combine in exposing the superficiality of the one and the fallacy of the other. Existing civilization is more indebted to Sokrates and Plato than to Alexander and Hannibal; and Emerson is a greater power in modern statesmanship, a more effective force in diplomacy today than Bismarck with his iron heel. The farcical element lies not in the high conclave at the Hague, but in the smart reactionists who are harking back to the logic of might as a justification for the absurdity of war bureaus and the imbecility of armies.

Mr. Moffett, on another page of the same issue of *Collier's,* strikes a much saner note in his leader entitled "Nations in Council." He sees in this Council now assembled "the rudiments of a legislative as well as a judicial organization for the Future Federation of the World." He reminds us that the delegates went to the first Conference in a skeptical mood and they went away surprised at what they had achieved. We believe that his "perhaps" will be verified and that this Conference will have a similar experience. If the Hague meeting now in session is a farce, then progress is a delusion, the law of love an unfounded fancy, religion a pretense, an unreality, and suicide and despair represent the ultimate wisdom in life. The fact that the horn, the fang, and the claw had their place in the evolution of life is no proof that they must always remain. All these have ceased to be a part of the bodily equipment of the individual man, and the corporate mind will learn to eliminate the brutality they represent from the advanced line of life. We believe that if there is anything going on upon this footstool at the present time that is worth while, the meeting at the Hague is such a thing. Hail to the peace-maker! Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth!

Women's clubs protested; labor unions protested; reform organizations of many sorts protested; individuals protested.

The upshot of the whole thing is that they have found out that "the enticing splendors of war" do not entice; that the American people abominate the program, and that the continuance in it would do more than anything else to work the complete failure and ruin of the exposition. The militarism, therefore, which it was announced was to "relegate commercialism to the rear," is itself now to be relegated to the rear. "The ground on which representatives of the armies of the world were to maneuver," instead "has been so curtailed by sales to the holders of concessions that it does not afford room enough for a comfortable camp for a good-sized regiment." The immense division of United States troops is whittled down to one regiment, a squadron of cavalry and a field battery; and the various propositions for state troops to swell the show have probably fared like the proposition submitted to our legislature, to send down a Massachusetts regiment—which proposition was very quickly buried in committee. The orders for the "crack regiments" from foreign nations have doubtless been countermanded, and the "royalty" must certainly be stranded somewhere, as it has not yet put in an appearance, and doesn't seem likely to. The foreign battleships came to the opening, as was, perhaps, well enough—at least nobody protested against that—and presently will go home, and so will end that.

In one word, as a recent article on the subject puts it, "the continuous performance of the pomp, pride and circumstance of glorious war will not occur. It was difficult to see what propriety there was in the program, and its failure to materialize is not a matter for regret." It is indeed an occasion for rejoicing and congratulation.

If the American people had welcomed and supported such a program it would have been so much the worse for the American people, a discredit and a capital misfortune. The sharp protest which was made, and the quick and emphatic success of the protest, have well cleared the air. No great exposition is likely again in a hurry to attempt to bait the American people with "the enticing splendors of war."

The Confirmation Class of All Souls Church, Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago

The Confirmation Class of this church is the Pastor's Class in Religion for children ranging in years from ten to twenty. The class of 1907 is the twenty-third, the first having been graduated in 1885. The graduates of all the classes now number more than two hundred.

Each class is given a course of familiar talks occupying one hour a week from the beginning of November to Easter. The earlier classes were held on Saturday mornings or Fridays at close of school, but in recent years the leader, believing the work sufficiently important to warrant the innovation, has asked the children to be excused from school early enough on Friday afternoons to meet him at 2:30 o'clock, thus avoiding the competitions and distractions of Saturday morning and the weariness and lassitude of the fag end of the day.

We are frequently asked by visitors and strangers the meaning and purpose of a Confirmation Class in a creedless church like ours. To reply to such questions so far as practicable is the object of this sketch.

I have at hand as I write a set of the children's note-books, covering the entire period from the organization of the first class to the present time, and containing more or less complete outlines of the course of study, together with such facts and illustrations as the writers thought most worthy of preservation. First-hand information is always more valuable than second-hand guesses, and extracts from original sources constitute the most reliable history and the only evidence that escapes the coloring of the historian. This article will accordingly be made up of source history so far as possible. The question already referred to I find answered as follows in one of the notebooks.

"Mr. Jones explained to the class the word confirmation and why we used it.

"In the Catholic and Episcopal churches the children are taught the catechism and creeds which they are expected to live up to and obey. But we of All Souls Church do not believe that there is a special virtue in joining a church. We believe that the church can be a help to you and you can be a help to the church. By attending this class you can better understand the different religious faiths. We do not bind you, but we think you will all be the better for belonging to All Souls Church."

Another class seems to have attacked the question from a somewhat different angle, and I find the topic capitulated as follows:

"Why do we have a confirmation class?
"1. To learn something.
"2. To learn what All Souls Church stands for.
"3. To learn what other churches stand for.
"4. To learn the good that is in every religion.
"5. To study religion and morals."

Still another reporter has translated the Pastor in a

statement of purpose which leaves little to desire in clearness or directness:

"My aim," said Mr. Jones, "is not to win you to All Souls Church or to my way of thinking, but to give you information which you can hardly obtain elsewhere on questions in religion which will help you to do your own thinking on these matters and to decide for yourself, when the proper time comes, what church you wish to join."

It could scarcely have happened without considerable forethought that one of the first lessons in the course gives a rich opportunity for exploiting folk-lore and the telling of ghost stories, sign stories, and all such scary things as children love.

And from this mass of primitive lore it is rather remarkable that a child should have extracted so academic an outline as this:

"The thought of God.
"Fetishism, the worship of things. (Mr. Jones showed us one that he carried in his pocket.)
"Animism, spiritual worship.
"Polytheism, worship of many gods.
"Henotheism, belief of many gods but worship of one.
"Monotheism, one God whose temple was in Jerusalem.
"Theism, where God is all over.
"Unitarianism, highest order of theism."

The general course must have been carefully outlined in the mind of the leader at the beginning of the first year, for the following program, which I find in one of the earlier records, is substantially the same as that used in 1906 and 1907:

"God, Jesus Christ, Bible, Man, Heaven and Hell, Christianity, Unitarianism, All Souls Church, Easter Day, A class motto, Reunion of all classes, A class sermon preached from the motto we select."

These are no trivial matters to engage the attention of children in their teens. Evidently the minister has never been afraid of large words or difficult topics. Indeed some of the outlines might suggest to a stranger the danger of shooting over the heads of these youthful candidates for knowledge, were it not that their later comments go far to disarm the criticism.

Here is a lesson outlined which I have seen operate at first like a blow in the forehead on the combined forces of confirmant intellect:

"Evolution *vs.* Special Creation. Heredity *vs.* Total Depravity. Universal Brotherhood *vs.* Caste. Progress *vs.* Damnation or Salvation. Miracle *vs.* Law. Supernatural *vs.* Natural."

And I have seen it require several lessons and faith far greater than a mustard seed before these young students would rally from the blow and begin to discuss these high topics in their own vernacular. But rally they always would and did, as I have seen and heard, and as I shall be able presently to prove by contemporary evidence. Several story illustrations have year after year contributed to this end and, as I thoroughly believe, have become and remain to this day the personal and undetachable property of every listener. Some of these will appear in the following extracts:

"The blackboard outlines were upon Human Nature as Special Creation *vs.* Evolution, etc. Then Heredity and Environment and whether a baby is as a Bramble Bush, a Blank Paper or a Garden Patch; how two people would turn out, one being the son of a Harvard professor and one the son of an Indian out West, supposing they could be exchanged and educated to the age of thirty years in each other's places, then returned to their natural homes. Each was asked his opinion in turn. A majority thought a baby was as a garden patch, but Henry thought a blank paper. Several thought the Indian educated to thirty would go back to some Indian customs to educate his people and that the Harvard man could not gain after thirty years the education he might have had before; but education being progress would have great influence against and in heredity. Mary thought the child's soul would be influenced by its course before entering the world."

Several versions of the Indian baby are more or less illuminating and all are entertaining. I select another:

"Then Mr. Jones gave us a problem to solve and it is a very hard one. And this is what it was: Suppose there was a grand Indian chief's baby and a Harvard professor's baby and through some accident the babies were exchanged, which would you rather be?"

One of the lessons which no class has ever escaped or forgotten, I suspect, is told in the following extract:

"Mr. Jones said some people thought a child is born wicked, which is called the Bramble Bush Theory; others believe it is born good, which is the white sheet [of paper] theory; others believe that it is born with inherited traits, good and bad, that will have a strong influence in deciding a child's future."

The same lesson was thus epitomized by another reporter with a genius for brevity:

"Babe, white paper, Bramble bush, garden patch. Mr. Jones told us to ask our mothers which of these we were."

In further elucidation of the vexed subject of Evolution:

"He then asked us whether it was harder to do good by working up or down, and most of us thought it was rather a difficult question to answer."

Sometimes a pithy historical comparison is caught on the wing.

"The sources of Christianity were outlined as follows: Judea, morality; Alexandria, doctrine; Egypt, ceremonies; Rome, organization."

And who shall say that such an idea, once fairly trapped inside a student's head, is not worth a whole semester of facts as often taught in school or college?

In these classes discussion is always in order and you decide all problems according to your own best judgment.

"We talked about slavery and Mr. Jones asked us whether we would rather be a Cannibal King or a civilized slave, and we decided that to be a civilized slave was better than to be a Cannibal King."

The lessons contain occasional surprises.

"We found out that Reciprocity and the Chinese Golden Rule mean the same thing as our Golden Rule, 'Do unto others as you would have them do to you.'"

There is all the difference in the world between finding out things and merely learning them.

"One who believes in miracles is a believer in the world of chance."

"We talked about the thought of God. The old thought was that God was a judge and one should fear him. But our thought is that he is like a Father to us and we love him."

That social matters are not neglected and that a degree of spontaneity obtains in the classes would appear from the following:

"During the meeting a sleighing party which Mr. Jones waved to suggested to one of the members that we have one also. The date was set for the following Tuesday, but owing to the poor attendance and to the thaw it was postponed."

The choice of the class motto, which becomes the text of the class sermon to be preached usually on the Sunday after Easter, is annually the occasion of many excursions in the unexplored woods of literature, guided, it is true, but scarcely conscious that their leader is not playing with them at their own game of discovery. I have sometimes wondered if the very text which they chose with great enthusiasm and complete unanimity at what was perhaps the fifth or sixth discussion, had not been lurking in some corner of the teacher's mind from the beginning. On other occasions I have scouted such a suspicion, in perfect confidence that any text which might happen to be elected would in some unforeseen way adapt itself to whatever sermon was brewing. But that the choice was invariably voluntary on the part of the class there could never be any sort of question in anybody's mind. That they have been chosen from a broad field, let a few samples attest.

Let us be such as help the life of the future,
from Zoroaster.
However things may seem, no good thing is failure; no evil thing success,
from William C. Gannett.
All are needed by each one,
Nothing is fair or good alone,
from Emerson.
Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
from Oliver Wendell Holmes.
It is for service you are here, not for a throne,
from Thomas à Kempis.
Pluck a thistle and plant a flower wherever a flower will grow,
from Lincoln.
They need no other rosary whose thread of life is strung with pearls of love and thought,
from the Persian scriptures; and the last from Shakespeare:

To thine own self be true,
And it must follow as the night the day,
Then canst not then be false to any man.

I was long since convinced that most argument convinces nobody. But during the process of compiling this history, which it has taken more than twenty years to do, in the capacity of occasional assistant and frequent looker-on, the compiler at least has become thoroughly satisfied that the instruction given in this class is of the kind that makes for intellectual clearness, religious liberty, an open mind, a sensitive conscience, and a reverent spirit. EVELYN H. WALKER.

Child Labor

"We met little Joe one day in a Pittsburg toby (cheap cigar) factory. A tenement room twelve feet square, with a low ceiling, not an open door or window, was occupied by twelve or thirteen people, who were rolling this cheap cigar. We had gone with a friend of the children to see little Joe, a boy of eleven, who worked twelve hours a day except on one day of the week, when his hours continued on to midnight.

"As we watched him bending over his table, his fingers flying deftly at their work, we seemed to see two pictures of little Joe sitting before us. First was the perfect machine, a human organism, trained to lightning motions that produced five or six hundred of these cigars each day, for which he received eight cents a hundred. Second, the sallow face, the lusterless eyes, the narrow chest, the ominous cough, which combined to write with his life blood Nature's curse upon our social neglect. Without speaking a word Joe told us more convincingly about child labor than all the census reports that were ever compiled."

Contrast life on the farm with the life of the little glass-house boy, who every other week enters the factory at five o'clock in the evening, sits at the feet of the glass blower to open and shut the molds, stands at his side to break off the soft, wax-like glass from the end of the blow pipe, or carries the hot ware from the finisher to the annealing oven. After a night of eight or nine hours in this superheated factory this little boy must go out into the raw, cold morning to prepare himself by sleep for another night of labor. To compel young boys at the time of life when body and mind are undergoing their most rapid transformation to be employed at labor not only exhausting in itself, but involving a radical change in all the habits of life each week, is to fasten upon childhood an exaction not only inhuman in itself, but menacing to our future social well-being.—*Secretary of the National Child Labor Committee in Woman's Home Companion for July.*

THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION

Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?

REV. C. A. OSBORNE, Secretary.

To whom all contributions for this Department should be sent.

Evangelization of the Upper Classes

AN ADDRESS BY REV. MARION D. SHUTTER, OF THE CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., AT ANNUAL MEETING OF THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION IN THAT CITY.

"Thus saith the Lord: Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might, let not the rich man glory in his riches: But let him that glorieth, glory in this: that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord which exercise loving-kindness, judgment and righteousness in the earth; for in these things I delight, saith the Lord."

JEREMIAH IX:23-24.

* * *

We hear a great deal said today about evangelizing the "masses." The newspapers berate the churches for neglect. Ministerial gatherings ask, "What can we do to reach the masses?" Everywhere people are demanding, "Why do not the masses attend church?" These questions are perfectly natural and legitimate, but a question much more serious and vital is: "What can we do to reach the classes?" They seem to be in the same category. They seem to care just as little for the church and the Sabbath and the Bible and the ministrations of religion. The neglect of sacred things does not characterize alone the poorer and crowded districts of the city; it is just the same along the avenues and in the fashionable quarters. The church is flouted not only in the assembly of working-men but also in the aristocratic club. The Bible is as much a stranger in the palace as it is in the cottage. The evangelizing of the classes is just as present and pressing a problem as is the evangelizing of the masses. Indeed, it is more important. There is more need of converting them to the real meaning of life, to a real reverence for God, to a just sense of their responsibility to society, and to the spirit of Jesus Christ. Make *them* what they ought to be, and the whole battle is won.

Of course, I hate the word "classes," and I hate the word "masses." I wish it were not necessary to use them. We are individuals all—whether in the class or in the mass. Each one stands upon the basis of his own character. Each one, a separate and distinct soul, has personal relations to the infinite life and love. We can not be so crushed and crowded together that God shall not single us out and hold each one to his duty and his task. But we must make the broader generalization. When I speak of the Upper Classes, therefore, I mean those who are more favored and prospered than the rest of mankind; those who enjoy privileges from which the great majority are shut out; those who have wealth or culture or social position; those who are at the head of the world's great commercial or industrial enterprises, and who, in this capacity, are wielding over thousands of dependent lives more power than the mightiest monarch of today wields over his subjects. The scepter of the king dissolves into a shadow; the captain of industry looms a new fact upon the horizon!

In some such general terms must we describe what we mean by the Upper Classes. What kind of men and women are they to be? What sort of influence shall they exert? What good shall they render society for the privileges they enjoy? How shall they exercise

the power they have won? I gladly record the fact that there are many—and the company is growing—who *do* realize, in some measure, their obligations; who do think of the higher things of life, and try to promote them; who do remember the human destinies they control and are touched with the feeling of brotherhood. As the poet said of Abou Ben Adhem, "May their tribe increase!" But there are many who need the trumpet blast of the prophet: "Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might, let not the rich man glory in his riches; but let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me." This is the message of God.

I.

The upper classes need the influence of religion for themselves, just as much as other classes need it.

1. *They have the same experiences in life.*

Somehow or other, neither riches nor wisdom nor power has ever been able to ward off sorrow and disappointment. Neither has been able to meet and fill the unsatisfied desires and longings of the human heart. Many a one walks desolate and broken today amid surroundings of luxury and splendor. If one could remove the splendid trappings, what tragedies would meet his eye! Then, there is the same inevitable destiny to face. One of the first lines in Horace that I ever learned is that in which he describes "pallid Death, with equal pace, knocking at the cottage and the palace gate." In all these experiences and in this outlook upon the tomb, nothing avails but GOD AND IMMORTALITY. All the knowledge of the ages has not diminished the sum of sorrow by a single heart-pang; all the wealth of the world cannot fill the void that bereavement makes for love; all the power of the mightiest empires has not narrowed the dominion of death. "Some trust in chariots and some in horses, but I will remember the name of the Lord, my God."

2. *But the Upper Classes need religion, not only because they share the experiences which are common to all, but because they are guilty of the same sins.*

Nothing is more certain than that knowledge alone or culture or wealth or power can never make men and women good. All these things have existed in the past and exist today, in connection with a conscience utterly calloused or debauched. Take society clear through, from bottom to top, and you will not find it any better morally at the top than it is at the bottom. The same sins exist there that exist among the lower classes: sins of avarice, lust, and greed; sins of dishonesty and sins that disregard and sunder domestic ties. You will find them all rife where education is supposed to have done its work and where wealth is supposed to remove temptation. But sin is sin, whether it flash in jewels or riot in rags; whether it rolls in the chariot or rattles in the patrol wagon. It is all the more sinful because of the superior light and advantages which exist at the top. Such guilt should incur heavier condemnation! If we make excuses anywhere, let us excuse the poor and ignorant, and not the opulent and enlightened.

Let me take a single example which will make clear my meaning, if it is not already clear. Nothing, perhaps, is more ruinous in its effects upon young men than the habit of gambling. By this I mean playing games of chance for money. If persisted in, it means death to all honest industry. It means that no employer will trust such a young man. It means that he becomes at last an outcast and an adventurer. Any city administration that does not make an effort to suppress gambling houses is visited with public indignation. But tell me, if you please, of what avail are the efforts of any city administration to suppress PUBLIC gambling houses when gambling is carried on in scores of private drawing rooms? Not very long ago the *New York Sun* said: "There is every indication of a revival of the gambling passion on a wide scale; that a fashionable mania is proceeding rapidly, and in the very circle of society in which move leaders and members of the committees now engaged in making so much noise about the regular gambling-houses." What is true of the great metropolis is true to greater or less extent of the smaller cities. In this connection we cannot forget the words of Dr. Huntington: "Is it possible that the leaders of society lend themselves to the encouragement of an amusement that is forbidden by the very law of the land? It is hard to form a logical argument against gambling, but shipwrecked lives speak louder than arguments. Is it true that hostesses of our higher circles let youths depart in poverty from drawing-rooms to which the hostesses themselves have invited them? Is it true that young women exhibit with pride jewels bought out of the profit of the gaming table? Could anything be more vulgar than this? No: that is a weak word. Could anything be more infamous? Of what use is the raiding of the pool-rooms and the like if such things as these go on behind doors which detectives dare not enter?"

The sins of society are simply the sins of the individual writ large. The sins of the lower classes are simply the sins of the higher classes stripped of their gilding. "We are all bound in the bundle of life together." High and low are corded into one brotherhood and sisterhood of guilt. All have need of the gospel of Jesus Christ. All have need of the renewing grace of God. All have need of the Divine forgiveness. All have need of inspiration to honor and purity and nobility of life. All have need to take upon their lips the confession of the Prodigal, "Father, I have sinned against Heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son!" All have need of his resolve, "I will arise and go to my Father." "He that glorieth, let him glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me; that I am the Lord which exercise loving-kindness, judgment, and righteousness in the earth: for in these things I delight, saith the Lord."

II.

The upper classes need the influence of religion, because they set the standards and create the ideals of a community.

Society, in all its departments, will take its tone from the rich and educated and powerful. What THEY think the greatest and best things in life, others will think the greatest and best things. What they think most worth striving for, and what they most strive for, others will make the object of supreme endeavor. The top of society is educating the bottom. Those at the top may not know it or think about it, but for weal or woe the inevitable education goes on. If the rich man glories in his wealth, and the strong man glories in his might, the poor man will strive for riches and the weak will grasp at power. You may say this should not be so, but it IS so. It is a law of human nature. The world is moved and molded by example, and not by precept. You may say that you are not responsible for the folly or wickedness of others. No; unless your own folly and wickedness create or foster those tendencies elsewhere. Then you ARE responsible. "No man liveth unto himself." The folly at the top will be repeated in coarser form at the bottom. The sin of the heights will be duplicated with more brutal

accessories in the depths. The sequence is infallible as the law of cause and effect. It is just as certain as that the star will cast its dim reflection in the wayside pool.

To those who stand in the high places of a community the question may well be put: "What have you been doing to mold into higher shapes the characters and ambitions of those who look at the eminence upon which you stand? Has your example taught them that you believe there is anything better than to make money in all possible ways and to spend it in luxury of all conceivable kinds? Have you done anything to make them feel that you believe there are higher values in life than those which can be measured by social standards or weighed in the balances with gold? Have you done anything to impress upon them that you are living for something nobler and greater than your own selfish pleasure?" These questions must be answered at the bar of conscience and in the sight of God.

I sometimes hear those who are prominent in the world's affairs say of the men who toil with their hands, "They are grasping and avaricious!" Where did they learn it? Are there not among their accusers those who are also grasping and avaricious? I hear it said: "They care only for their wages, and not for their work!" and I fear there is altogether too much truth in it. But are they the only ones in a community who make the dollar more prominent than the industry which earns it? May they not have taken some lessons from those shrewd manipulators who, without doing a stroke of actual work, put up the prices of the necessaries of life till millions roll into their coffers? May not the working-man say as Shylock of his tormenters, "The villainy you have taught me I will execute; and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction"? I hear it said of them again: "They do not care how they get their money, so they get it." May not that same indictment be written across many another brow that is lifted unblushing in the light of noon? Men and brethren, if we worship false gods in the counting-room and the offices where the world's business is transacted; if we worship gods of silver and gold in the home and in the social circle,—the same gods will be worshiped in the mines and factories. All talk about regenerating and reforming society is vain and futile till those are reformed who hold the destinies of society in the palms of their hands.

III.

The upper classes need the influence of religion because national deterioration and decay have always begun at the top, and not at the bottom.

It is more than marvelous that so many who ought to be most interested are blind to the teachings of history and the tendencies of times. They have everything at stake. If violence rules the land, if destruction stalks abroad, they are the ones whose possessions are imperiled; they are the ones whose positions will rock in the throes of the earthquake.

1. *We see today the same tendency to luxury which rotted the moral and physical fiber out of older civilizations.*

We read of entertainments, in some of our older cities, shamelessly extravagant, in which one leader of fashion vies with another in disgraceful expenditure. We can all distinguish, I think, between the refinement of civilized life and that spirit of ostentation which says, "I am richer than thou," and tries to keep that fact forever before the public. Tell me how long our nation would last if its moral strength and stamina were represented by the society at an eastern watering-place, "with its dinners at which monkeys sit at tables with their peers it must be confessed,—with a whole theatrical company brought from New York for an evening's private entertainment, with the spending of $75,000 on a single dinner or ball"? What would be the fortunes of the republic committed to such custodians? It has been well said that "the millionaire who in these days, with all the healthful channels for promoting social progress,—such as hospitals, industrial schools, workingmen's clubs, model tenements, improved factories, and the countless scientific and philanthropic enterprises calling for aid,—can devise no better method to put $100,000 into circulation than a sumptuous ball, seems to be either lacking in intelligence or genuine desire for the public welfare."

2. *I mention the tendency to lawlessness which exists among the upper classes no less than among the lower.*

Let me say, as I have frequently said, that all violations of the public peace, all infringement upon the rights of person or property, all wanton destruction by the mob in times of strikes, is simply lawlessness and must be treated as such. Violence is madness. Violence puts back the cause of those who commit or are identified with it. Violence must be put down by the strong arm of municipal, state, or national authority. This cannot be questioned. Progress does not come in the earthquake or whirlwind; but in the still small voice of reason and of love.

On the other hand, let us just as fairly and squarely say that violations and evasions of the law must stop at the other end of society. If it is provided by statute that factories shall be furnished with certain devices for safety, and these are omitted, that is a violation of law. If corporations transgress the bounds that are set for them, it is lawlessness just as much as when the thief breaks into your home at night. If a railroad president, without process of law, orders out an army of men to cut down the poles of a telegraph company, destroying millions of property, will you tell me what worse a mob of strikers and their sympathizers could do? And yet the pulpit and press have been strangely silent. If votes are bought and sold in a city council or state legislature,—there is a double violation of law. And, then, in the administration of justice, let the penalty fall with equal weight upon offenders of high and low degree. Too often it happens that there is a distinction made between the man who breaks into a bank and robs and the man who does the robbing from the inside. The first man goes to prison without any hope of pardon; the other goes there till the good citizens of the community can get up a petition. If a man wrecks a railroad train, we send him to the penitentiary; if he wrecks the whole railroad, we send him to congress. Let the influential and wealthy and prominent in business and in society say, "We ourselves will be such consistent observers of the law at the top, that violence will be no longer possible at the bottom."

3. *One other tendency that is fraught with danger, I mention; the consolidation of financial and industrial power, more and more, in the hands of the few.*

Any one who has watched the way things are going must see that the great question now upon us is the question of Socialism. Some years ago I spoke upon the drift towards Socialism in this country. I said it was the coming question. It has come. It is here. Now, I do not believe in Socialism. I am going to lift up my voice against it when the occasion prompts. I believe it means the overthrow of a civilization which ages of toil and endeavor have built

up. But what makes the drift towards Socialism in America? It is not enough to say that the seeds have been transplanted from Europe. What prepares the soil? What makes them take root? There must be favorable conditions. There are conditions which are leading directly to such things as government ownership of certain industries that have hitherto been operated by independent enterprise; and in these things the Socialists take comfort. They say, "We will get these, and the rest will come." I am not reading from the *International Socialist* the words which follow, but from the *Wall Street Journal:* "If railroad consolidation had not been carried to the point where the law of the nation to prevent restraint of trade was violated, and where the people were alarmed by the prospect of such combinations as might create a company controlling practically the entire railway mileage of the United States, and itself controlled by a group of two or three men,—it is probable that there would have been no formidable movement for government regulation, and even government ownership." What is true in this department is true in other industries also. Whatever tends to make two or three or half a dozen men practically omnipotent in any department of trade or commerce, creates a resistance that carries multitudes to the opposite extreme. And it is strange that the leaders and promoters do not see this; strange that they do not see that they are working their own undoing and the overthrow of that principle of independence which has made our nation and which has given to the ambitious and enterprising the opportunities which have raised them to affluence and power.

I read another paragraph from the same article: "The events of this year, such disclosures as have been made in the ship-building trust, the squeezing water out of inflated stocks of industrial companies, have put a powerful weapon in the hands of those who believe that the safety of the country depends upon the corporations being subjected to searching examination and regulation. If, as a result of this, the laws which may be passed to effect this shall be too harsh and sweeping, the men to blame are those whose folly and greed produced the conditions complained of." When a workman comes to realize that he is toiling at slender wages to pay dividends upon capital which does not exist, he is on the way to socialism. When the investor comes to realize that the stock in which he has put his earnings is worthless, he is on the same road. It transpires that the common stock of the United States Steel Corporation, $500,000,000, represented no real, tangible value, but a calculated value based on imaginary conditions. The 25,000 persons who bought this stock did so because they supposed that honorable persons were at the head of the company. They are now finding out something they did not know; and an army of 25,000 more is marching on the highway to Socialism! These things are not the schemes of foreign agitators; they are work of domestic promoters. These gigantic systems of organized rapacity do not proceed from the bottom of society, but from the top.

I return, therefore, to my theme: the necessity of evangelizing the Upper Classes. If any section of humanity on the face of the great globe needs the gospel of Jesus Christ, they need it. They need it that they may create lofty standards and splendid ideals for society. They need it to save them from the infatuation and blindness of greed and power, which, unchecked, will hurl our civilization into the limbo of dead gods and broken things! Start the Golden Rule at the top of society and it will find its way to the very depths. Put the spirit of Christ into the heart of every woman who reigns a queen in the social realm; put it into the heart of every man who controls a great business, and a healing benediction will swiftly fall upon the world.

Let us ask no longer, What can I get? how much can I squeeze out of my fellow-men? but, What can I do? what can I give? If a new consecration to God, and a new devotion to duty, and a new feeling of responsibility to humanity, could thrill through the souls of the educated and the prosperous, the occupation of the agitator would be gone and the dream of the Socialist would dissolve. I have no faith in ready-made systems and schemes; I do not believe in a machine-made millennium. I believe in the power of God working in individual lives, among the rich as well as among the poor. I believe in the changed heart and the new purpose, in the high as well as in the lowly. I believe in the law of love and the spirit of Christ everywhere, among all classes. That way lies social as well as individual salvation. "Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might, let not the rich man glory in his riches: but let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord which exercise loving-kindness, judgment, and righteousness in the earth: for in these things I delight, saith the Lord."

THE STUDY TABLE

Bob Hampton of Placer*

Those who read for entertainment pure and simple, whose critical faculty is for the time being submerged, will find this book an excellent substitute for the average Western story of love, adventure, battle, murder and sudden death. While it lacks the art, the literary finesse, the subtlety of such a story, for example, as Owen Wistar's "Virginian," at the same time it is a story well plotted, plainly and carefully developed, and with a very effective climax. Stylistically it is clear, simple, breezy, truly narrative, at times vivid. The author evidently has the dramatic instinct well cultivated, for the story abounds with action, human passion of divers kinds, and critical junctures. The play, for such it is, centers around Hampton, an unjustly disgraced army officer, who perforce became a renegade, desperado and arch gambler, a degenerate outwardly, but a regenerate at heart. The blot on his scutcheon is wiped out at last by his heroic death in the Custer massacre, a realistic description of which practically concludes the book. A double thread of love, one serious, the other humorous, runs through the story; in fact, the love of Brant and Naida is the warp and Hampton the woof of the author's fabric. The local coloring—"The Miners' Retreat," the rival cow-punchers, the scout, the dialect—is judiciously applied. All in all, if one has the time and inclination to read conventional stories, "Bob Hampton" will suffice. P. S. W.

*By Randall Parrish. A. C. McClurg & Co., 1906. $1.50.

From Putnam's I have "The Literary History of the English People," by Jusserand; a most remarkable work, full of the poetry of authorship. I do not know where else one can get so good a resume of English life. This volume brings you down to the civil war, and I suppose is to be followed by other volumes. Altogether they will constitute a history of English thought, hope and literary achievement. This is much better than a history of English warfare, or even of English industrialism. E. P. P.

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

At The Hague.

The eyes of the world are centered upon the second international peace conference, which came to order at The Hague on Saturday, June 15. It is a distinguished body of some 250 delegates. The opening session was marked by the interchange of elaborate diplomatic compliments, and the election of a Russian, M. Nelidoff, as president. His address, in assuming the chair, cautioned his hearers against too sanguine expectations in the way of the abolition of war. Evidently the Congress begins its labors with all the brakes set, and with a conviction that very little can be accomplished. It is earnestly to be hoped that some brave spirit will strike the note of an eternal principle which will break through the crust of mutual distrust and lead to some far-reaching action.

The Duma Dissolved.

By an irony of the calendar the very day on which The Hague Conference assembled was marked in Russia by the dissolution of the second Duma by an edict of the Czar, the placing of a ban on all hostile comment by the press, and the announcement that the next Duma will be elected upon a different distribution of the franchise. The immediate cause of the Czar's summary act was the refusal of the Duma to take action against a group of its members who had been charged with plotting for the overthrow of the monarchy. The effect upon the country remains to be seen, but of the eventual outcome there can be no doubt. Human nature in Russia is the same as elsewhere, and the spirit of liberty is certain in the end to prevail.

Mayor Schmitz Convicted.

The jury in the Schmitz trial has reached without difficulty a verdict of "Guilty," and it is now probable that the Mayor of San Francisco will spend the remainder of his days behind the bars, where he properly belongs. It is to be hoped that the result of this trial will bring to San Francisco a much needed revival of citizenship.

Orchard's Confession.

The story told by Harry Orchard on the witness stand at Boise City of his career as a hired assassin was not shaken in the slightest degree by the unsparing cross-examination to which he was subjected. It will probably send the officials of the Western Federation of Miners to the scaffold and ought to be a terrific lesson to the more radical and violent of the labor unions. Not the least impressive thing about the confession is that it apparently comes as the result of a genuine, old-fashioned conversion in Orchard himself. He is described as having borne himself with admirable spirit under the taunts and thrusts of the opposing attorney, and as declaring that his only motive now is to do what he can to make his peace with God. He has certainly "witnessed a good confession," and the influence of it will be widespread. He takes his place beside Stensland and Ruef as illustrating the ideal course for such a criminal to pursue. The only improvement to be suggested is that the change might well come at some earlier hour than the eleventh.

The Revolt of the Midi.

The uprising of the vine-growers in southern France is dramatic in the extreme and characteristic of the French temperament. The assumption that when something is the matter in industrial conditions it is the business of the government to help out, reveals a childlike trust in the principle of paternalism; and the almost hypnotic control which one man seems to possess over these hundreds of thousands of people has its proper place in the nation which followed Jeanne d'Arc. The resignation of all the mayors and public officials, bringing all public business to a standstill, reminds one of the effect of an interdict in the middle ages. Doubtless the French government will do something to appease these good people before they march on Paris, but their eventual remedy must be found in adjusting their crops to changing economic conditions. The demand is not essentially different from that which the North American farmer is constantly making for legislation against substitutes for butter.

Two-cent Fares Halted.

The enactment of sweeping and ill-considered two-cent fare laws has been met in some states by injunctions, and in New York state Governor Hughes has had the courage to exercise the veto power. It is the bravest thing Governor Hughes has yet done, going directly in the face of the popular demand. He declares that the bill, as drafted, would work injustice to some railroads in the state. This is a position the Governor would never have taken unless he were perfectly sure of his ground. The finest possession of a country is officials who do right regardless of pressure, whether it be from the side of the corporations or from the side of the people.

Two Threatened Strikes.

The demand of the stock-yards teamsters of Chicago for an increase of pay and better conditions of work seems likely at this writing to be arbitrated, the proposal of arbitration coming at the eleventh hour and this time from the employers. Another big strike—that of the telegraph operators—has been impending, and boards of trade are vigorously protesting to the telegraph monopoly that it must not allow matters to come to such a pass.

Chicago Telephone Franchise.

The first serious test of Mayor Busse's administration in a matter of the first magnitude is coming in the telephone ordinance which is now being worked out in committee. The committee is the same in chairmanship as that which recommended the gas ordinance which Mayor Dunne vetoed, and it has already shown signs of siding with the corporation and against the people. The proposal for a board of control similar to that provided in the street car ordinances has been emphatically rejected. The result will probably be an ordinance which ought to be vetoed. Then it will appear what kind of a man we have in the Mayor's chair and what are the forces that placed him there.

Concerted Action Against the Tramp.

The day of the free pass is over. Its disappearance from the upper end of the social scale is to be followed by the curtailment of the privileges of the under-world in the way of free transportation on the bumpers of the box car. The conference of charities has requested it from the railroads, and the railroads are lending a willing ear. It is argued that without the railroad the tramp cannot exist. It may be sociologically wrong, but we confess to some lingering sympathy for the tramp.

Senator Morgan.

The death of the veteran southern Senator removes a strong and influential figure from our public life. Incorruptible in character and sturdy in independence, he has championed many a losing cause, but had the respect and admiration of friend and foe alike. Among his last public efforts was his stubborn advocacy of the Nicaraugua route for the isthmian canal.

Armour Controls the Tunnel.

The Armours now control the tunnel under the streets of the Chicago loop district, having taken it over under the plea of protecting an investment in an enterprise which was on the verge of bankruptcy. It can hardly be doubted that in time this tunnel property will be of immense value. W. B. T.

A Haven of Rest

There dwells one bright Immortal on the earth,
Not known of all men. They who know her not
Go hence forgotten from the House of Life,
Sons of oblivion.
To her once came
That awful Shape which all men hold in dread,
And she with steadfast eyes regarded him,
With heavenly eyes half sorrowful, and then
Smiled, and passed by. "And who art thou," he cried,
"That lookest on me and art not appalled,
That seem'st so fragile, yet defiest Death?
Not thus do mortals face me! What art thou?"

But she no answer made; silent she stood;
Awhile in holy meditation stood,
And then moved on thro' the enamored air,
Silent, with luminous uplifted brows—
Time's sister, Daughter of Eternity,
Death's deathless enemy, whom men name Love.

—Reprinted from *The Century* for January, 1892, in the June *Century*, *Thomas Bailey Aldrich.*

THE HOME

(Contributions for this department should be sent to Mrs. William Kent, 5112 Kimbark avenue, Chicago.)

Helps To High Living

SUN.—The only way to learn to do great things is to do small things well, patiently, loyally.

MON.—It is the loyalty to duty, the love of God through the love of men, which may transform the workshop to a cathedral.

TUES.—No one can afford to look downward for his enjoyments.

WED.—Happiness is based on reality. It must be earned before we can come into its possession.

THURS.—To do strengthens a man for more doing.

FRI.—To love makes room for more loving.

SAT.—Today is your day and mine, the only day we have, the day in which we play our part.

—*David Starr Jordan.*

A Child's Thought About God

God is not very far away,
He knows each thing I do or say;
In sun and stars his glories shine,
He dwells within this heart of mine;
He has no form that I can see,
Yet everywhere appears to me,
In rolling prairie, leafy wood,
But more in friends so kind and good.
I hear his voice in murmuring breeze,
In splashing waves and whispering trees,
In bleating flocks and lowing herds,
But more in gentle, loving words.
I need not go to heaven to see
The God who is so kind to me;
The loneliest spot I need not fear,
Since he, the Almighty, is so near.

—*Kath. Lawrence.*

Good Samaritan Ants

Eight-year-old Mamie was in a flutter of excitement. Grandpa had promised to show her something wonderful; he had said that she might watch him while he "verified one of Sir John Lubbock's experiments."

Mamie didn't know what grandpa meant, but she danced about him while he filled a small pan with water and carried it into the garden. She was even more puzzled when he stopped at an ant hill, lifted a little stick on which a number of ants were crawling, and shook them off the stick into the water.

"Oh, oh! grandpa," she cried, "don't! You'll kill them."

But grandpa only smiled.

"No, no! I'll not kill them," he answered; "wait a minute and see what happens."

In a very little while he took the half-drowned ants from the water and placed them near the hill. Mamie was bubbling over with curiosity, and stood first on one foot, then on the other.

"O grandpa!" she cried, seizing his hand, "what will happen?"

Grandpa said nothing, but smiled down into the impatient little face and pointed to the ant hill. Some ants came out and crawled away. Mamie watched them a long time, but saw nothing wonderful, then she looked up at grandpa. His face brightened as another ant issued from the hill. Mamie began watching again. The ant took the same path the other had taken, but suddenly it stopped and seemed to be looking at something. Then Mamie remembered the half-drowned, unconscious ants, and saw that it was looking at them.

"What's he going to do?" she exclaimed in an excited whisper. "Will he—?"

But the ant had evidently satisfied its curiosity, for it went on. Before Mamie had time to say anything more, other ants came along, and, seeing their unconscious brothers, stopped and looked at them. Then they began moving quickly about, and Mamie gave a little shriek of delight.

"Grandpa, grandpa! They're going to take them home, and give them something to make them well!"

And, sure enough, the active little insects were carrying the unfortunate ones back home, and soon disappeared through the opening in the hill.

"Oh, oh!" cried Mamie, "I must go quickly and tell mamma about the ex—What will you call it, grandpa?" Grandpa was writing in his notebook, but he looked up as she spoke.

"It's a long word," he said, " 'experiment.' " Then he went on writing, and Mamie, who had no idea what the long word meant, ran into the house, exclaiming:

"O mamma, grandpa let me see an exper-i-ment, and ants are just like the men in the Bible; there are priest ants and Levite ants, then there are some Good Samaritan ants, too!"—*Selected.*

Grandma's Verdict

"The world has never been so sweet,
No, never before!" she said;
"The willows never so yellow
The maples never so red!"

But we just laughed and said to her
"Why, grandma, every spring
Ever since we can remember,
You have said the selfsame thing!"

"La, well-a-day, perhaps I have,
I'm forgetful, old and gray,
Maybe I have said so before;
I say it again today.

"When the maples lose their fire,
When the willows turn to buff
And the skies are only commonplace,
I have lived here long enough.

"When the springtime is no marvel,
And the summer-time but heat,
When I can see but merchandise
In a field of waving wheat;

"When the green of distant meadows
Means nothing to me but hay,
I'll close my eyes for good and all,
For I shall have had my day."

—ANNA J. GRANNIS.

Animals as Mechanics

It is only within recent years that men have learned how to make houses and other structures of cement. But many of the lower animals have for ages been making their houses of mud or of similar plastic and hardening substances. The cliff swallow's skilfully built home is indeed a wonderful structure, especially when we take into consideration the simple way in which the bird does the work. Imagine a boy or a girl trying to make such a structure of mud and handling the material only by the aid of pointed pliers. Yet the bird does it and does it well with her pointed bill. In some cement structures, especially in railroad embankments, you have probably noticed that the workmen first put in several iron rods to increase the strength of the wall. This is, practically, what the phoebe, the robin and other birds do when they mix a liberal supply of grasses and other plant fibers, and even strings, through their concretions of mud.—*From "Nature and Science" in June St. Nicholas.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Valdose, a Day with the Waldensians

If ever we go to Asheville I shall visit Valdese, I had said, but when the time came it took some persistence to get there, owing to the shortness of my stay in North Carolina and the many demands on each moment of it. After two unsuccessful attempts to get away there seemed nothing left but to take the early morning train on Wednesday, thus missing the closing session of the conference. Before a single librarian was visible I was up and away for the home of the Waldenses. The morning train does not stop at Valdese, but it was arranged by Pastor Pons that I should go on to Connelly Springs, where a messenger with horse and buggy would meet and drive back with me the three miles to the Waldensian colony. I arrived first, but it was not long ere the colored porter, who had been very desirous to take me to the hotel or to send me to Valdese by special conveyance, announced: "There comes your man!" as a manly young fellow of twenty or thereabouts came in sight in an open buggy.

It was a pleasure to be started on an unknown country drive of a fair May morning and I at once began to question my conductor as to the history and prospects of himself and of the colony in general. It soon appeared that the colony, like other small rural communities, is losing its young people. Both boys and girls, as they get old enough to shift for themselves, find their way to the cities, New York, Philadelphia, etc., where there are more opportunities and better pay. Emmanuel himself had been a waiter in the Brevoort House and extolled its present French management, but New York in summer did not appeal to him and with the advent of warm weather he is glad to come back to the home farm. Young as he seemed, my escort was born in sunny Italy, coming to this country with his parents when about seven years old.

One can hardly speak of Valdese as a village even, so scattered are the houses, each on its owner's farm, but not too far from the church are a commodious schoolhouse, the parsonage and a few other dwellings. The present pastor, Jean Pons, is not a married man, so that he divides his time between the parsonage and the farm of his father and his brother. It was at the former that I found him awaiting me, a short, somewhat thick-set, dark-eyed man of simple manners, who welcomed me in French, his four months' service as pastor since he came here fresh from Italy not having given him as yet much confidence in speaking English.

It was like stepping suddenly into some quiet nook in rural Europe, to be welcomed so simply and cordially at the very gate, not only by Pastor Pons but by one of the plain peasant farmers of the little community who led the way into the little unpainted, vine-trellised house so unmistakably foreign in its every detail. The little uncarpeted entry-way running right through the house; the minister's study, striking through a simplicity and cleanliness we know not how to imitate; the broad, vine-covered trellis at the back door—all spoke of lives as yet untouched by the American love of luxury.

In the pastor's study and in a simple wall-case behind the front door are shelved the few hundred books, English and French, that form the only library of the little community. The school, formerly maintained as a mission school with northern teachers, is now one of the regular county schools of the state, but the library is still purely a personal affair.

Mindful of the duties of hospitality and unable by reason of his bachelor state to provide for me in his own home, Pastor Pons soon escorted me to the house of his good friend and neighbor, Mrs. Grant, a warm-hearted, energetic Italian woman, whose summer home is at Summit, New Jersey, but who for many years has spent her winters in Valdese. Though busy with preparations for her usual return to New Jersey, Mrs. Grant received me with the utmost cordiality, giving me the opportunity for a welcome nap in her quiet guest-chamber, while she prepared an inviting lunch of scalloped salmon, home-grown lettuce for salad, excellent bread and sweet butter kept perfectly hard by being suspended in the ice-cold well. The pastor in the meantime took his leave, promising to call for me again at two o'clock.

Ere he returned, Mrs. Grant had given me in English some details about the colony which he afterwards confirmed in French. It is about fourteen years since the colony was founded on the recommendation of one of the Waldensian preachers who came to this country on an evangelizing mission. Their native Piedmont valleys being over-crowded, colonization seemed desirable and this region commended itself by its resemblance to their own home-land. The resemblance has, however, proved somewhat delusive. The soil is sandy and not very productive, so that returns are small in proportion to the labor expended, but Waldensian diligence and thrift have developed some of the best farms that part of the South can show. In Italy these people are wine-growers and they have endeavored to introduce the traditional culture here, but the climate is too variably to permit any great success. Last year there was no vintage and this year I was told there would be but half a crop. Fruit trees and vines were in full bloom in March, only to be severely frosted in April. The product, when there is any, is a sour red wine similar to that one encounters in Switzerland and elsewhere.

The community numbers about thirty-four families, or some three hundred souls. There are fifty or sixty children in the school. In the early days it was organized on a sort of communistic basis, but today the farms are all owned in severalty and all are fully paid for. In the days of Rev. Bart. Soulier, the second pastor, a substantial stone church was built, seating some four hundred. This, like many of the houses, has quite a foreign air and it is said visitors sometimes come on purpose to see it. It is now in need of repair.

At two o'clock the pastor came with horse and buggy and the whole pleasant afternoon was spent in driving about through the oak woods calling on several members of the colony, few of whom spoke English. At one place we were treated to a glass of wine out in the open air in true continental fashion; at another I watched the construction of a new house according to Piedmontese ideas; at another I talked with a gray-haired mother whose only son had gone prospecting to North Alberta in the hope of finding land that would yield more generous return for the labor expended upon it; and, lastly, driving off into what seemed the woods again, we came to another clearing and found ourselves in presence of a small store and "the Factory," of which Mr. Pons had kept speaking. This is a stocking factory equipped with twenty knitting machines for plain hose and eight for ribbed, sewing machines for finishing, dye-rooms, etc. The product, cotton only—is of good quality in various grades, for young and old of both sexes, but as they say one boy can tend to ten knitting machines, the number of employes must be small.

It was now nearly time for the train on which I expected to join my party for the through trip to Norfolk, so the next stop was the tiny Valdese station. Here, while the minister went to put out his horse, I was joined by two young girls I had met in the store, who came to chat with me till train time. Like Emmanuel, my morning acquaintance, they were just home for a visit from New York, where they were in domestic service at $20 a month. It is very dull and lonely here now, they said,

for all the boys and girls go away. The old station master, who owns about the largest and most American-looking house in the colony, and the most thrifty, well-kept farm, though wondering much at the unusual lateness of the train, beguiled the time with tales of his travels as a young man in all parts of the world. The minister rejoined us with my hand luggage, and two little girls who had also come to see the stranger off, at a whispered word from their sisters, sped away to bring me some roses, but still the train came not. At last a rumbling was heard; the mail-bag hung ready for the one train of the day; I seized my belongings, looked to see that ticket and sleeper ticket were handy, and, saying the last adieus, we rushed out upon the little platform, when, lo! the train dashed by with only a flash, and a flutter of handkerchiefs from the rear door as it whizzed out of sight!

M. E. H.

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RELIGION AND MONEY.

An editorial in UNITY of May 6 awakened much comment, and in order to supply some friends who wished copies for distribution a reprint has been made of size suitable to put in an envelope. A few hundred copies of this editorial on "Religion and Money" are left on hand and will be supplied to those who desire to use as aids to securing funds. Single copy, 3 cents; ten or more copies, 3 cents each, postpaid.

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Death Defied

Beautiful Atmosphere of the Home of the Blue Nuns at Fiesole.

HELEN ZIMMERN IN THE JUNE CENTURY.

The most conspicuous object in a northern view of Florence is the flanking, twin-peaked hill, in the hollow of which nestles the erstwhile Etruscan city of Fiesole, that Fiesole whose very name is music, evoking sweet memories of sunshine and art. The whole fertile slope is dotted with dwellings: stately, historic villas; ancient, fortified manors; modern houses, replete with comfort and luxury, enfolded in rich mantles of verdure. Yet, lovely though they be, the fairest spot of all is the old convent of San Girolamo. Standing against a background of feathery, gray-green olives, just below the summit of the hill where once soared the Etruscan citadel and now stands a Franciscan monastery, it dominates the whole wide, smiling valley of the Arno.

* * * * * *

From the steep, winding road which was the only approach to Fiesole before electric trams were thought of, close to the spot where an inscription marks the fact that here several early Christians were martyred, an arched gateway gives access to a wide flight of shallow steps which mount between a double row of stately cypress trees to the triple-arcaded atrium of a little chapel. Just beyond is a modest door. Your ring is responded to by a sweet, serene-faced nun, who answers your inquiry in English, and who, if she has learned that you have a right to enter (some friend to visit or sister to see), cheerfully admits you. As she closes the door behind you, she seems to exclude by that act the outer world, with all its sordid cares and worries.

Your first step brings you into a little square, arcaded cloister, shrub and creeper shaded and rose screened, in the midst of which stands a porticoed stone well-head that bears on one side the inscription "Cosimus Medices" and on the other "Flore Dux II." Thus at once you are transported back in time, and the breath of present tranquillity and long-dead repose envelops you. And over all spreads a subtle atmosphere of love, of peace on earth, of good will to men, that visibly emanates from the kindly sisters who are your guides, hosts, or, as the case may be, your nurses.

From this beautiful little courtyard several doors give access to the conventual buildings, as well as to the tiny, dainty chapel and to corridors and cheerful rooms flooded with sunlight and air. For this monastic abode has become adapted to modern use, having been converted into a convalescent home by an order of English nursing sisters who have had the good luck to pitch upon this favored spot. No ascetic bareness marks the apartments of the invalids, nor do the medieval standards of luxury prevail in any of the arrangements. So skillfully and with such good taste has the blending of old and new been accomplished, such loving care for all that is precious in the old, such tactful concessions to the needs of modern life, that there is no sense of clashing, as is so often the case. Instead, an impression of perfect harmony has resulted.

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